

## Affected by Agirlhasnname

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**Summary:**

Steve catches Billy fucking a guy in the gym locker room. It makes him see his enemy in a completely new light.

## Affected

He wasn't supposed to be there.

It was past school hours and students were no longer allowed on the premises. But on this particular school day, Steve had forgotten his house key in his gym locker. So he figured a quick visit was justified. What he had not been expecting was to hear heavy pants and the unmistakable sound of skin slapping against skin as he entered the gym. He froze in his steps in the doorway to the locker room, his eyes not yet used to the darkness at first so he couldn't grasp what exactly it was he was witnessing.

He turned away as fast as his feet would let him move and headed for the nearest exit before he could process any of it.

As he was walking the now clear as day image imprints itself into his brain. He can't get it out of his head: Billy's flexed strong arms holding the other much smaller guy in a dead grip as he's ramming into him. He should have been horrified, disgusted, but all he could be was extremely turned on, wishing it was him in the other guy's position all of a sudden. When the hell did this happen?

Billy's constant close proximity whenever he speaks to Steve is to blame. The breathy, overly confident tone to Billy's voice is to blame. And Billy's piercing blue eyes are most definitely to blame. Those goddamn eyes. Looking into his soul, taking him apart with one look, making him shiver, keeping him up at night.

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Here he is now, leaning up against the school building trying to catch his breath and clear his head.

Before he can do any of this however, the door to the gym flings open and a crazy-eyed Billy emerges. He's incredibly quick to find Steve standing to his right. Steve stops breathing all together, taken aback by the sudden appearance of his enemy. He didn't even consider the possibility that he could've been caught by the other. Not to say how bad it would be if what he had just witnessed ever came out. He simply hadn't been thinking, and now he was dead.

"I don't know what you just *think* you saw you little maggot but- ". The bigger blonde's voice was full with anger until it abruptly dies out to nothing.

He had stopped dead in his tracks when his eyes gets caught on Steve's crotch area. And as soon as they do his face splits into a nasty grin.

"Well well well..." His tone of voice transitions into a more taunting one in a second.

Steve's face reddens markedly. He's acutely aware of the blood that is currently filling his nether region. He's ready to die now.

"You don't say, the most popular guy in school, amongst girls in particular, the almighty *King Steve*.." Billy hisses in his face, exercising his infamous liking to close proximities, moving far into Steve's personal space.

".. is actually just some *fag* thirsty for my dick?" he pauses for effect and grins menacingly, having the taste from the dramatics that he did.

It leaves Steve room to briefly ponder upon just how messed up this is. Who exactly had caught who fucking a guy just a few minutes earlier? Why the fuck is Steve the one in the hot seat? Why the fuck is he the one avoiding the other's gaze with burning red cheeks. And

why the *fuck* is his dick already at half-mast.

"I'm starting to think you're no king at all... No not one bit. Are you? I ought to call you.. *Princess* shouldn't I? " Billy continues even more tauntingly.

And there it is.

That's the moment his dick chooses to show its full interest. Such splendid timing.

He forcefully swallows down a moan. He needs to gain control; now. At this rate he's tremendously fucked. And that's the last thing he wants to be. Right?

The averted gaze and bob of the other's Adam's apple does not go unnoticed by Billy, because why the hell should he be so lucky.

"Hmm.. I do wonder Harrington." Billy speaks slowly but deliberately, ending with a click of his tongue to gain back the slightly taller boy's eyes on him.

Steve, desperate to do anything to gain some leverage back after catching his breath, barks back a: "Wonder what?" and meets the opposing threat's eyes seemingly fearlessly. He almost fools himself he actually stands a chance.

Billy smirks at the weak act of defiance he's met with. He gets impossibly closer into Steve's personal space and grips him by the arm.

"I wonder... if you actually like the degradation." He strokes the arm up and down for a moment, the way one would stroke their pet. That doesn't mean to say it was a particularly affectionate gesture.

"You get off on it, don't you?" The petting hand suddenly moves up to grab Steve around his neck with a firm but not too rough of a grip. Billy is showing a full row of teeth now, bright and charming, a smile that could fool anyone he isn't an evil villain.

Steve's arm is still burning from the simple but affectionate touch when he gasps from surprise as he feels the other's hand on his neck.

He still has that defiant look in his eyes even though he's startled by the unpredictable move. Everything about Billy is unpredictable.

Unstable would be a better word.

His dick is as hard as ever with no sign of standing down. And *damn* if he wasn't sure he would lose this fight before, he is now. Why is his body responding this way? The hand on his neck is a present threat to his safety, his life even. But the only thing he can focus on is Billy's piercing blue eyes scrutinizing him, making him feel more vulnerability than he's ever felt in his life.

Chance of winning or no chance, Steve wasn't one to back down from a fight, something he prided himself in rather greatly. And so he spits in the face of his opponent.

"I'd say you're the one getting off on it, Hargrove" he manages to say without faltering, and he brings his knee up to bring attention to the equally hard dick in Billy's impossibly tight jeans.

This doesn't faze the blonde haired boy as much as he'd hoped. Although, the hand around his neck does tighten, cutting off his airflow considerably. Billy's eyes are ablaze as he takes his free hand to wipe the spit from his cheek.

"Okay, princess, you finally came out to play did ya?" The smile is this still on his face but has twisted into something much crueler now.

"You think you can hide your arousal from me? Pathetic." He growls into the face of the other and slams Steve's head against the brick wall behind him. Steve grunts loudly at the harsh impact.

"Let's see just how hard and wet you are for me shall we?" He backs away completely this time and leaves Steve heaving for air.

"You.." The dark-haired teen begins, but is interrupted by a cough attack. "You're fucking crazy man."

Billy let's out a menacing laugh. He takes a step forward and raises Steve's chin with a finger. "And what does that make you Harrington?" He smiles sweetly and grabs the still disoriented teen in

front of him by the crotch and squeezes roughly. "Just look at this, huh?" He hisses in the ear of the other.

"Show me how sick you are. Take your dick out for me, princess" he whispers and blows some cool air onto the shell of Steve's ear. He nibbles on it shortly before stepping away. With hands in his pockets he stares at Steve with dark eyes. Being shirtless in those jeans should be a crime. Damn he's hot. He's looking wild and riled up, his glistening, muscular chest heaving up and down like a beast ready to tear anything apart. Steve can only imagine what it would be like being that anything.

His initial thought is of course not to obey the psychopath standing in front of him, his body however is not following his usual logic. His dick truly enjoys him being called princess, and is loving the attention from the unstable teen in front of him.

So Steve once again admits defeat and focuses his eyes on a pile of gravel on the ground as he reaches for his belt. He tries not to think about what would happen if he got caught like this, about to take his pants off lewdly in front of the person he's supposed to hate the most right now. He tries not to think at all, which has proven itself to be surprisingly easy this evening for the teen.

"*Thaat's* it princess, show me your stiffy, I want a good look." Billy rasps out, voice heavy with arousal. At least Steve wasn't the only one getting off on this. Maybe he should put on a show.

His hands work quickly on his belt and goes for the zipper. He drags it down slowly and observes the way Billy's tongue darts out and wets his bottom lip.

"There you go. Good girl. The underwear too." If Billy was trying to hide the excitement in his voice he was failing badly. The blue eyes followed every movement of Steve's hands with hunger embedded in them.

Chills are going up and down Steve's body. From being close to exposing himself so shamelessly out in the open where anyone could drive by. From following orders. From being praised by his psychopath enemy. It doesn't get more fucked up than this he thinks.

The underwear finally comes off and there's no possible way Billy could look more satisfied.

"Wow" is all he says at first and it sets Steve's whole body on fire, redness covering his chest and upwards. He doesn't know where to put his hands. He feels like Billy's prey, just waiting for the other to pounce on him.

"Look at yourself Harrington. Isn't that just the prettiest of cocks. Pretty boy with such a pretty pink cock. So befitting." And Steve does break away from the smirking face of his enemy to down at his dick. It doesn't look all that special to him, slightly above average sized, curving inward his belly. But Billy called it pretty and it has him dripping with pre-cum.

"Aw, and it's weeping for me isn't that *cute*." Another stab of arousal goes straight to Steve's dick and he doesn't hold back the moan it pulls out of him this time.

Billy takes a few steps forward again, taking in the sight of the big haired jock he's kept his eye on for so long. How anyone could possess this type of both filthy and vulnerable beauty at the same time he could never wrap his head around. With hair constantly covering half of his face, long and lean muscles on his arms and legs, soft eyes staring at him from underneath the thickest layer of eyelashes of any girl or boy Billy ever saw.

"Fuck.. You're pretty like a girl, you know that right, princess?" Billy says under his breath. He's standing so close to Steve, his body heat mingling with Steve's own which is at a record high temperature. It's almost unbearable. Yet they still weren't touching.

"Let me hear some high-pitched moans girlie, really convince me." Billy smirks evilly and goes to lick a long wet stripe from the base of Steve's neck up to his jaw. And it does have the other make a small noise at the back of his throat but it's nowhere near the sound the well-built blonde wants to hear.

"Try again" Billy growls and grinds into Steve's body with an unnecessarily brute force.

The pressure is bordering on painful but Steve still lets out a loud

moan. And if it's extremely girly and high pitched it's not on purpose but Billy's eyes are wide when he looks up, pupils blown and mouth agape. He's met with the same grinding motion over and over until he's moaning over and over. Steve still doesn't know if he's actually trying to sound extra feminine at this point. If he actually wants to obey his enemy or if he just naturally sounds this much like a damn chick.

"Very convincing you little *faggot* you. " Billy murmurs. "The only reason I'm not completely convinced you're a dirty little girl is this pretty little thing" He takes a rough grip of the other's member.

Steve lets his head fall back and it collides harshly with the school wall he's pressed up against. The hand continues to go up and down a few times, but the pressure is fleeting and unsatisfying. His whole body and more-so his dick *needs* more.

Billy can't take his eyes off of the display of pleasure shown by the other. Steve is looking, moving and acting like a goddamn porn star. His blood is boiling he's so turned *on*. He never would've guessed the lanky, kid-loving sucker had it in him. King Steve is nothing less of falling apart in his calloused hands and he's eating up all of it. Soaking it in, saving every detail to memory, wanting it to last a life time.

"Say you want it " Billy commands in a dark voice, and Steve is so close to giving in when his dick is squeezed roughly one more time and Billy is leaving a second rough bite-mark on his collarbone. "N-no *I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't.*" Steve gets stuck whispering this weak mantra, eyes screwed shut.

As Billy's ministrations continues he's gradually considering the idea of complying. 'Would it be so bad?' he hears himself thinking. His chest aches from how wrong all of this is. Steve had never even thought about being with a guy before. It goes against his family's beliefs; the whole town's beliefs. Even with beliefs aside, this was his sworn enemy with his teeth in his neck and his hand wrapped around his painfully hard cock. And it just feels wrong, wrong, *wrong; and so good.*

Choking on his own spit before he can get any other words out, Steve



grips the much stronger teenager in front of him by the arms. He needs something to hold on to. He feels like he's leaving the ground.

"Yeah?" Billy breathes out. His hand is picking up the pace with what feels like every second and Steve's vision is blurry with pleasure. "You wanted to say something?" Billy props up Steve's head with the hand that's not milking him and urges Steve to look at him.

"You gonna beg for me, huh? Say pretty please?" Billy is panting almost as much as Steve and he's searching the other's eyes with an overwhelming amount of power and lust in his own. Sweat is building up in the corner of his eyebrow and his tongue darts out several times to wet his lips in concentration as he's performing all the tricks he's ever learned on Steve's dick.

Steve can't take it.

He breaks the heavy gaze of the blonde pressed up against him and pushes his head into the crook Billy's neck as he comes the hardest he's ever come in his life. The strings of sperm come out longer than he's used to and Billy doesn't stop moving his hand until he's completely spent and overly sensitive.

There is a short moment where they stand completely still and only listen to the sound of each other's accelerated breathing.

Until finally, the silence is broken.

"If you want more you better beg, Harrington" Billy laughs, covering up the fact of just how disheveled he himself is, and walks away in the direction of his car.

Steve is left with his heart beating against his eardrums, feeling like the scum of the earth. Billy's voice had been as confident as ever, and *shit* he was more than right to be. Steve was craving a lot more and at the same time loathing himself for it. Why was he like this? Billy was an absolute nutcase, why would he want any involvement whatsoever with him, or wanting his hands all over his body, touching his dick, flicking his nipples, pulling his hair, grabbing him like a ragdoll, pushing him into things, tying him up.

Steve could barely believe it as these dirty thoughts forcefully invaded his head. They were all new and so sick he wanted to empty his stomach on the spot. His body was still shaking from post orgasm and/or post assault.

He watches with empty eyes as the infamous car has its engine revved a few times to then speed away from the scene. The smell of burnt tires fills his nose. He doesn't know what to make of any of this.

The only word left in Steve's vocabulary is: Billy.